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# Helicon Hill

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# HELICON HILL



*Decorations by  
C. Lovat Fraser*

# Helicon Hill

Being a Pleasant Posy of rather  
Wild Flowers gathered on the  
foothills of Parnassus and  
judged very meet for the  
brows of Contem-  
porary Rhymers

By Felix Folio

Gent. of London

LONDON: SELWYN & BLOUNT

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## *Contents*

The Apology, 6	A Song, 31
The Exhortation, 7	Philanthrocite the
Helicon Hill, 10	Gay, 32
Occasion Persuades	Meligo Popholoi, 37
Me, 17	Amok, 39
Pale Poetry, 22	Peter Bell the Fourth,
The Strayed Thought,	41
25	By Want of Thought,
Bereavement, 27	42
Other Times, Other	A Soliloquy, 43
Muses, 28	To a Trumpet, 46

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## THE APOLOGY

*SILENCE is golden.  
Reader, wilt  
Thou say my breaking  
It is—guilt?*



# Helicon Hill

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## THE EXHORTATION

O H, do not ask that my attempts in rhyme  
Shall in the highest spirit of poesy  
Conceived be. Or that my muse with time  
Shall pace it out into eternity.

But to each page thy gentle favour lend  
And read my volume to the bitter end.

Nor ask thou how to publish this I dare,  
Nor be thou over curious to know  
If I who trill and twitter am aware  
How hard the immortal trumpet is to blow.  
Thy kindly glances on my rhyming spend  
And try to read the volume to the end.

My passion all too precious is to find  
A place in aught so cold as inky ode ;  
Nor any thoughts that may appoint my mind  
Shalt thou expect released from their abode.  
*Sans* passion, feeling, thought thy way shalt  
wend  
These pages through unto the bitter end.

When Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth each  
has proved  
A dainty morsel for the tooth of time,  
And mighty music leaves thy heart unmoved

Thou shalt bethink thee of my votive rhyme.  
And half in wonder, half in pity bend  
Thine eyes upon these pages—to what end ?





## HELICON HILL

*On the Occasion of a Mass Meeting*

**R**OLAND ROULADE, the reigning poet-  
aster,  
Beckoned the poets waiting on his nod,  
Urging the backward-hanging to come faster  
Across the sunlit quad  
To him their god,  
Who stood at hand his wisdom to dispense  
To an intense  
Agglomeration of admiring bards  
Who called him Master,  
A promise lightly given to fulfil ;  
To teach them all the skill  
Of ready rhyming,  
Free—  
And easy—  
Verse :  
And all its obvious axioms to rehearse.

One who had praised the pelage of the roe  
In pied iambics of his own devising,  
Broke off his improvising  
To link an arm with one who footed slow ;

A sleek Hedonic with purpureal chin,  
And arch-malevolent grin,  
Soul deep in an old-fashioned malady called  
Sin.

And others in their melic motley dressed  
About the Master pressed :  
The restaurant roysterer with his hectic motto,  
The soul of Art is one long glorious blotto ;  
The tinkling trifler and the stanza-spinner,  
The anarch wild  
To rhymeless, rude, cacophony beguiled ;  
Unrealists, echoes, clever counterfeits,  
All indurated by their smug conceits ;  
With languid, low reverberating hum  
They come, they come.

Roland Roulade  
The best-praised bard  
Of indolent reviewers, now surveys  
' The mob of gentlemen who *sing* with ease,'  
With, oh ! such ease—  
Rewarded by a paroxysm of praise  
From simple souls who are not hard to please.  
A gesture—and the plangent buzz is stilled :  
And all the little airs that erst had caught  
Those witlings' whispers hushed to nothingness  
In wavy circles hovered to be filled  
With bardic wisdom to a rapture wrought.  
And Silence like a sad sea lady fled  
With forward bending head  
Into her calm oblivious wilderness.

All through the golden afternoon his tongue  
Stroked the soft air with silver syllable.  
He told them how all subjects should be  
    sung  
And touched on topics that were trill-able  
By singers apt. His words like petals floated  
Fluttered and fell, as when a rose in July  
Upon its pliant stem is tumble-tost  
By shoving breeze : and not one fell un-noted,  
No casual hint was lost,  
Each, each was seized on duly :—  
The age-old wrinkle that the tortuous trope  
In simple seeming dight  
Will often times  
Bring more success than verse of vaster scope  
Ambition aches to write  
Or duodedecimos of rudely wanton rhymes.

The rhymers raise their eyes  
With Keats's wild surmise,  
The bards that will be howling at all hours  
With William Wordsworth's powers,  
And such as with their filching fingers take  
The portion of a greedy boy from Blake,  
Who weave the thurible, chrism and oubliette  
That Thompson did beget  
Into the pattern of their pleached parterre  
With all the air  
Of conquerors ; the rifling wits that range  
Through Shakespeare for a lyric rich and  
    strange,



And miner poets delving deep and long  
In old, forgotten galleries of song :—  
Their eyes, pale beacons, flame  
As lifted high they meet the level beam  
Of him who reigns supreme  
At the douce, fructuous, ineluctable game.

The dial in the old quadrangle told  
The golden moments scurrying away  
From fiends crepuscular that wrapped and  
rolled

Their shady scarf about the eyes of day ;  
And still the discourse grave  
Flowed on, wave following wave,  
Lapping the shores of nubile intellect.  
Now was his counsel how to gratify  
The small, small fry,  
The gross and inelect,  
Amusement seekers moved to an elation  
By jingle and sensation ;  
And now in silver vocables he gave  
Enticement full to rave,  
To indulge the wilful mood, the rhymy whim  
In consequential hymn  
Gemmed with strange words culled from  
remoter ages.

To spread hot colours o'er their purple pages  
He told the need, and how to cozen the herd  
With epithet obscene and sly salacious word.

And while the veined hands about him raised  
With cymbal-beat his glut of wisdom praised,

Roland Roulade, communicative growing,  
His body forward throwing,  
Revealed anew his dædal gift of song.  
He spoke of that far-off, unhappy time  
When he was prisoned by tyrannic rhyme.  
Pause he observed and Scansion, Measure, Beat  
Perforce, for Grammar's gyves did gaol his feet ;  
No passion strove for utterance, no thought  
Possessed his brain, but in due season brought  
Its ante-natal curse :  
A claim to be expressed in fit concinnous verse

But now, O happy time, O Liberty !  
The singer soars above such antique lets.  
Discipline, dull dominie, no longer frets  
His festinate spirit. Bounden by no tie  
Comes his chaotic, shapeless ecstasy.  
The silly stars, the fragrant-foolish flowers,  
The legendary lady of the night,  
The round, industrious sun whose working  
hours  
Are never finished, the weak human wight,  
Creatures of skin and scale, and fell and feather ;—  
Such hapless toys of circumstance obey  
A law by which their existence hangs together,  
Only the singer of our licensed day  
Owns no authority, or law, or sway.  
So gave the Master his own recipe  
For making poetry what it ought to be.  
O happy, happy, happy libertee !

No principles, no laws, no pangs, no pains,  
No slavish service, meek obedience  
To hectoring Prosody  
His rhetoric constrains.  
No deference to sense,  
No taste, no thought, no reverence, no plan  
Informs his lines not even a super-man  
Can scan :  
Not his Muse one sad sister of the Nine  
Wooed with wrung tears fetched from a break-  
ing heart,  
And single service in a state divine,  
The vigilance of one who dwells apart  
From mortal things. Oh, no, Oh, No !  
He matches his misfeature  
With some stray earthly creature  
That stretches amorous limbs deliciously,  
Some wildered girl whose ignorance her bliss  
is  
A-riot on the sly  
In long lip-lapping kisses.  
Or haply some dun daughter of old Dis  
Whose frantic boast it is,  
Smiling in shame,  
All virtues to have shed  
And yielded up her dower of maidenhead  
In Freedom's vaunted name.  
With these he revels, such is now his boast  
To that long-listening host,  
Tasting the acrid savour of surprise  
At new idolatries,

Feasting the senses, elegantly toying  
With vague philosophies and crazy creeds  
And fleshly Faiths. The idle hours employing  
In yieldance to the needs  
Of audiences most unfit and many ;  
For thereby hangs the penny,  
Which in all generations has been found  
So much, much wiser than the foolish pound.

And so he has said his say,  
And so he will take his way,  
And so he will lilt his lay,  
And so he will have his day,  
And well he may.

But Oh !--  
For other times  
Come, come,  
Come other rhymes.





## OCCASION PERSUADES ME

COME, . . .  
Occasion persuades me  
To fashion a new poetry.  
A flamboyant feast for the many  
Instead of a faith for the few.  
Therefore I will dare and dazzle  
With sun splash and streaming star shower  
And rainbow rhymes,  
And shake  
From my rufous locks  
The clinging cobwebs of convention.

I will create curiously, cunningly,  
With ardour, ambition,  
Colour and cadence  
A poetry of the Particular  
(Let us hear no more  
Of the ancient Aristotle).  
I will chant a chant  
Of Myself ;  
All that really matters ;

I and the conjoined  
Words, emotions, raptures,  
Semblance of passions,  
Delicate fancies, descriptions,  
Word paintings faintly intelligible,  
And my thoughts.  
And my thoughts ! Ah, yes,  
Dug circumspectly from tomes.

Curious,  
When I come to consider it  
How unimportant  
Is all but myself to me ;  
I  
Who flatter an idle mood,  
Dandle a froward notion,  
The latest lightest desire,  
The lightest slightest whim,  
In an anguish of labour to lay  
The thin evanescent ghost  
Of an elderly, arid idea,  
A-fluttering and a-flapping  
And a-failing to fly  
From the cote of my mind.

Sweet effervescence of Youth !  
Oh, the lawless feelings excited  
By a flickering pipistrelle chase  
After unusual ways  
Of expressing (as it were)  
That which I dimly see,

Very tenuously grasp,  
And barely feel at all ;  
And yet which is not to be said  
In prose.

Froth and foam on the wave !  
Wind in the branchy tree !  
Shimmer and glint on the sea !  
Ah ! Ah, me !

But come, come,  
Occasion persuades me  
To fashion a new poetry.  
I will hymn the Accidental,  
And project the pageantry  
Of our pagan paradise,  
And, *in situ*,  
Pleasant Sunday Afternoons  
In Hell.  
In the abomination of desolation  
I will roll down to the restaurants,  
So garish, so gay,  
I will importune the uncorseted  
In night clubs,  
I will tumble Thais in Soho,  
Talking and tickling  
And rolling ' a *gay* eye or so.'  
I will pour the peony pyjama-ed wine  
Into long-throated glasses,  
And wring a rhyme from a hiccup.  
I will etch unpleasing pictures  
Of the fish stalls of Hoxton,

Draw to the life  
Sleek millionaires with the symbolic cigar,  
Caricature jewel-behung women  
With twisted carmine souls.  
Day long I will dawdle  
In the studios  
And give a classic air  
To bare banalities,  
And be bizarre, besotted,  
Grotesque, insurgent or fantastical.

I will season my song  
With frolic and gesture in vast forests,  
I will meditate the monkey  
And cull a simile  
From the ochre ape  
A-swing in the trees.  
Even the graceless hippo  
Shall serve his turn  
To make a *sauce piquant*  
Of brilliant blasphemy.

I will be all things to everybody,  
Playwright and storyteller,  
Historian and philosopher ;  
Poetry shall be all-embracing,  
The pretty wanton !  
I will develop thews  
And wrestle with facts,  
I, the conqueror of the concrete,



The glorifier of the trivial,  
The bard of the irrelevant,  
For Occasion persuades me  
To fashion a new poetry.





## PALE POETRY

**S**OUL of the season's song !  
A panting poem pale  
I cast  
Among  
A ghastr-  
ly throng  
Of singers who assail  
My mellow melody,  
Tho' framed in fancy frail and faery fantasy.

Mid modern muses murk  
In loveliness I lilt,  
I fling  
To Time  
A thing  
Sublime  
In bud-like beauty built.

In silver sadness I  
Repine when I perpend pale poems sometimes  
die.

In mystic maze I muse  
In odour eke occult.  
    You mind  
        That I'm  
    A kind  
        Of rhyme  
Divinely difficult :  
A pale-pink pleasaunce ground  
With pensive poppies pranckt and purple  
palings round.

Pon pinions pale I poise  
Like bliss-born butterfly  
    O'er rose  
        I wreathe  
    In throes.  
        And breathe  
Each echo's ecstasy.  
In phantom fields I dwell,  
Like love-lorn lily limp or azure asphodel.

Nor to my passion pale  
One thought I bring, because

I try  
    To see  
If I  
    Can be  
As faint and fearful as  
The poems of to-day ;  
I think I am, and shall endure as long as they.





## THE STRAYED THOUGHT

**I**N life what joy, what hope ?  
Ah me, a veil is drawn  
Athwart the sun, I grope  
In darkness and lift up the cry of one forlorn.

I rose to find thee fled,  
Whom I had made my own.  
Thee, whom I cherished  
And reared in my mind upon a dædal throne.

When first thou camest to me  
In exultation wild  
I sank upon one knee,  
Nor half my love for thee had parent e'er  
for child.

Yet ever wert thou coy  
And wayward as the wind,  
My pale elusive joy  
But thou art gone and I am left with voided  
mind.

For thee I sighed for fame,  
Ink, inspiration, Thou !  
The lustre of a name  
To have, thou, one of three, shouldst have  
informed me how.

On Thames's watery coil  
I hoped, thou to inspire.  
To fling my midnight oil,  
And see her bosom blaze with dropping  
globes of fire.

For thou wert all I had,  
My Ewe-thought. Ah, unkind !  
To fly me, too, too bad,  
To coldly stray beyond the margin of my  
mind.

A sense of loneliness  
Came o'er thee straying thought !  
But what of my distress ?  
For now that thou art fled I have no mind  
for aught.





## BEREAVEMENT

O H, for a thought to chrystallize in rhyme !  
From this rackt brainy cell to disengage  
One thought ! To see it jewel the ample page  
In inky grandeur, watch it mimp and mime  
The mystery insusceptible to Time !  
To pant in print ! What jocund parentage  
Were mine to send it on an embassy  
From mortal murk to some far fadeless clime.  
And yet when I recall the bards that sing  
Unheard, unheeded, o'er my senses steal  
Such sad misgivings for my body's weal  
That then my head I tuck beneath my wing,  
Nor longer from myself the truth conceal :  
A little yearning is a dangerous thing.





## OTHER TIMES, OTHER MUSES

A WAY, away  
With lovely lay,  
Magical lyric and haunting rhyme,  
To-day our verse  
Is tense or terse,  
It might be better,  
It couldn't be worse,  
But it gets there every time,  
You know,  
It gets there every time.

The plaintive bleats  
Of Milton, Keats,  
Tennyson, Wordsworth, Pope and Co.,  
They had their day  
In a modest way  
But no one imagined  
They'd come to stay.  
And now they have had to go,  
You know,  
Now they have had to go.



Their simple songs  
Of rights and wrongs,  
Elegies, epics and odes sublime,  
Appealed no doubt  
To an age without  
A morbid desire  
To shriek and shout  
In versicles free from rhyme,  
You know,  
In versicles free from rhyme.

They found a faith  
In Beauty's wraith,  
Truth was a spirit their souls adored,  
But we, but we,  
From the past set free  
To Beauty and Truth  
Will bend no knee,  
We've tumbled them overboard,  
You know,  
We've tumbled them overboard.

Perhaps it's hard  
On the ancient bard  
That he should be ousted by such as us,  
But that's just luck.  
Lord love a duck !  
If we have given  
The bard the chuck  
Why make such a ghastly fuss :—  
You know,  
Why make such a ghastly fuss ?

We make no claim  
To the kind of fame  
That came to the bards of the jog-trot gang,  
Our tunes we hum  
With a rum tee tum  
We clash the cymbal  
And beat the drum  
With an intellectual bang,  
You know,  
With a jolly old Georgian bang.

We are big-brained boys  
And we make a noise,  
Noisily, loudly, as loud we can,  
We write with will—  
We've tummies to fill—  
We pen our poems,  
Present our bill  
With a tear for the 'also ran,'  
You know,  
A tear for the 'also ran.'





## A SONG

THE moon is staring in the yard,  
The rose is listening on the tree,  
Emotion surges in the bard,  
That is, in me.

Twenty pebbles fret the beach,  
And many million pebbles more,  
And every pebble this can teach :  
No sea without its shore.

There is a mystery in the wind,  
A sense of something in the air,  
Which those who seek shall surely find,  
And those who find shall share.

O England is a gaudy grot,  
Thrice happy country of the free ;  
It hears my song and murmurs not  
And lets me be:





## PHILANTHROCITE THE GAY

**M**AXIMILIAN PHILANTHROCITE  
In sin and such was mellow,  
His voice was soft like bread and milk,  
He played upon the cello,  
He had a flat in Kensington,  
The door was painted yellow.

At the chicanery of love  
No amorist was feater,  
His rake-hell rhymes were famous for  
Transilience of metre :  
In each and all he chimed the charms  
Of Mam'selle Fantanita.

She was a girl, a lovely girl,  
Who o'er the footlights hovered  
In mazy dance ; a jewel, a bead  
Her beauty barely covered.  
True, there were whispers here and there  
That she was over-lovered.

She yearned for joys no world could give,  
She sang the whole day through,  
' I would I were a wam-wam bird  
Up in the wolly blue.  
I would not dance my soul away  
If I could fly like you.'

The flat of Max Philanthrocite  
Joined that of Fantanita,  
And so it was quite natural  
That he one day should meet her,  
As she was taking for a run  
Her pekingese, Lord Petre.

Philanthrocite knew no restraint  
Twice twenty times he kissed her,  
Screaming her beauty made him mad—  
That he could not resist her— ;  
He asked her would she be to him  
His feminine of Mister.

On Fantanita's glowing cheek  
The blushes did deploy,  
Nor lovelier looked in ravishment  
The paramour of Troy ;  
Her troubled heart went sping, spong,  
Like a Russian clock-work toy.

Now Fantanita had a brother  
Who was both tall and strong,  
He swore by Jumka when he saw

That there was something wrong  
With Fantanita's heart that it  
Should crepitate sping, spong.

And so to Max Philanthrocite  
He phrensy-rapt did go  
To learn if what he haply thought  
As possible was so,  
Or whether Fantanita had,  
As she affirmed, said No.

The gay Philanthrocite received  
The brother with mock gravity,  
And said with insolent *aplomb*  
And calefacient suavity,  
'I own to predilections for,—  
What people call depravity.

I fancy it is known that I  
Embezzled from my brother,  
I also duped five flappers frail  
And bolted with their mother,  
But the true artist's conscience, sir,  
Such trifles do not bother . . .'

Whereat a Heaven-piercing screech  
Through Kensington was heard,  
And on the gay Philanthrocite  
The brother's maulies whirred !  
He beat his body fifty times  
For every spoken word.

He twined thin fingers in the hair  
Of Max Philanthrocite,  
The hues he painted on his flesh  
Were yellow, green and white ;  
And when he had killed him five times five  
He burred with delight.

And when the throe-ful deed was done  
The corse he roughly bore  
And propped it up against the jamb  
Of Fantanita's door,  
And left it for an hour or two  
To welter in its gore.

When Fantanita heard what had  
Befallen Philanthrocite  
She marbles shed instead of tears,  
Three hundred every night.  
The grief of this world-weary girl  
Was abject in its plight.

She bade adieu to crust and cup,  
She would not dance or sing :  
Each finger paled unmanicured  
Within its garish ring :  
She said her heart was broken and  
She wore it in a sling.

And soon 'twas clear her end was near,  
Up in the wolly blue

The wam-wam bird was calling, calling  
His mortal mate unto.  
' I come, I come.' She answered, and  
Her gentle spirit up flew.

Her brother shrugged and closed her eyes,  
Twin thieves of shame and sorrow,  
His sister Fantanita he  
Interred upon the morrow.  
Her tears were all her monument  
Upon the Hills of Yorrow.







## MELIGO POPHOLOI

**M**ELIGO POPHOLOI rose at dawn,  
Opened the window with stretch and  
yawn,

Shook out the dreams from her sunset head,  
Slipped on her slippers and aired her bed,  
Slid to her mirror, lolled in a chair  
Meligo Popholoi brushed her hair.

*Meligo, Meligo, child, beware,  
Whose are the footsteps on the stair?*

Meligo Popholoi brushed each tress  
Curling like flame on her soft night dress,  
Wondering vaguely as she sat there  
Which of her pretty frocks she would wear.  
Laughing she rose and the garment she wore  
Dropt with a whispering cry to the floor.

*Meligo, Meligo, O, take care,  
Save for your slippers you're beauty bare!*

Meligo Popholoi dropped her brush  
As into her bedroom there came with a rush  
A gaggle of poets to goggle and stare  
At Meligo Pópholoi standing there ;—  
Standing there in a natural pose,  
Meligo Popholoi *sans* her clothes.

*Meligo, Meligo, are you wise  
To bare your beauty to earth-bound eyes ?*

Meligo Popholoi gave a yell  
Snatched up a sark and pressed the bell,  
Angrily facing with sob and shout  
Peepers and Priers she drove them out.

But ere she had hooked the last hook of her  
dress  
Twenty new poems were in the press.

*Meligo, Meligo, child, don't cry,  
Blind are the poets who peep and pry.*





## AMOK

**W**HERETO, whereto, sad insatiate spirit,  
Whereto have you strayed,  
From the heat of chance desires seeking  
Forbidden fruit tree's shade?  
Prone upon a beech bole palely panting  
Gleams your torso white,  
All agog with carnal zest awaiting  
The old Pander Night.

Then will come a troupe of naked gay girls,  
Black and yellow and grey.  
You will glimpse them in the pools of moon-  
shine  
Lave their limbs alway  
To and fro and in and out careering,  
Circling and a-stream,  
In their leapings arm and thigh and shoulder  
Silverly will gleam.

Golden girlhood ripened for love's harvest,  
Quivering stooks and sheaves.  
Beauty-burdened, opulent, inviting,  
Soft, warm Elves and Eves.  
Arms a-wide and eager eyes a-staring,  
Lush ripe lips ajar,  
Flower faces to the light uplifted  
Of one dew-dimmed star.

You bright girls anon will fall to kissing,  
Proffered lips and eyes,  
Crushing in your arms their yielding sweetness,  
Spite of coos and cries.  
Pressing back from shy etiolate faces  
Wrack of radiant curls,  
Rosy ronions meet for your embraces,  
Bubble-breasted girls.





## PETER BELL THE FOURTH

**H**E takes the perfume from the rose,  
He dims the radiance of the sun,  
All things that may be learnt he knows,  
Than he a cleverer brain has none.

He grabs a swallow from the sky,  
All creatures small that creep and run  
He snares for his poetic pie,  
And in it flings them one by one.

A woman's loveliness he wrongs,  
From man his soul he steals at last,  
He mocks their anguish with his songs,  
And drowns the voices of the past.

He clamours Heaven with a shout  
Until the Light is turned to Dark,  
The Book of Beauty opens out  
And on it leaves a finger mark.





‘——BY WANT OF THOUGHT’

*A fault (I am told) of our poets, as such,  
Is thinking too little and writing too much.*

**I** CANNOT think, I cannot think  
Why all my songs should be  
But little more than paper, ink  
And pretty melody.  
My teeming numbers know no pause,  
From no device I shrink  
To make them great. Is it because—  
I cannot think, I cannot think?





## A SOLILOQUY

**T**O boom or not to boom,—  
There is no question  
Whether 'tis better  
To wear a lurid tie  
Or some strange sock  
Of fierce magenta hue ;  
Or with self-tonsured beard  
To force presentment dim  
To Avon's gentle bard ;  
Or whether passing as  
A Romish partizan  
Were not a fairly strong  
And blessed advertisement ;—  
These, these are questions.  
If I should launch my barque  
On high politic seas,  
With ever bellying sails  
Adjusted to the boom

Which I shall raise,  
And deftly turn the lock  
Of public approbation  
With some such key ;—  
Methinks that were indeed  
Smart, and not overdone.

Then there's the interview.  
A stale, unworthy prop  
For modern *litterateur* ;  
To quarrel  
With some booming damosel—  
No, that's a threadbare trick  
Worn out these many years ;  
While fabled ancestry,  
And rude jocosities  
And all the thousand shams  
An author dare do  
Are foredone.  
And yet boom, boom I must  
While on such slender legs  
My crippled grammar runs,  
And such dull, morbid nonsense  
Comes teeming from my brain.

Sweet hoarding ! thou shalt bear  
Upon thy woody bosom  
Huge posters heralding  
My most unworthy tales ;  
And with thy Sauce and Soap,  
Pickles and sewing machines,



The figments of my mighty intellect  
Shall play an equal part.  
Thus millionaires  
Makes tradesmen of us all.





## TO A TRUMPET

**I** HAVE a trumpet rich in sound,  
I blew it long before I sang it  
My tomb on, when I'm underground  
Oh, hang it !

It hangs conveniently to hand  
And in opinion's face I sound it  
When his voice cries against me and  
Confound it !

I sundry chords upon it play  
But at the fear o'er use might smash it  
The tear starts in my eye ; away—  
Oh, dash it !

Strange when (in hunting phrase) I wind  
This brassy instrument audacious  
It should reveal me wise, refined,  
Good, gracious !

I am, you surely understand,  
A rather more than minor poet ;  
Then take my trumpet, reader, and,  
Oh, blow it !



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